

in so many words

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by [hollycal75](#)

Summary


Jean Kirstein has two secrets. One, that he likes to write poetry in his free time. Two, that he writes poetry to cope with his unrequited crush on his long-time rival, Eren Jaeger.

For three years, no one suspects a thing. But chaos erupts when one of Jean's poetry notebooks is discovered by his fellow Training Corps cadets.

Notes

Happy Valentine's Day!! This entry is for Erejean Valentines 2025  
Prompt is 'Secret Admirer'

Disclaimer: I am not a poet. A big thank you to @erejeen, an actual poet, for writing Jean's second poem in this oneshot (go check out their erejean works they're fantastic)!

The first and third poems are written by me. I tried my best but this isn't my area of expertise. Either way, we're just going to pretend that they're decent, okay? 

*Sometimes I wonder
If you can see
Beneath the ugly parts of me
Lies a heart
That can't go on
When it knows that loving you is wrong.
Can't you see I'm dying?
Do you even care?
Do you notice that I'm standing here?
Or am I sworn to a fate
Of invisibility
And your smile remains what I'll never receive?*

Jean's stuck. This is a good start, but it doesn't capture everything he wants to say.

Of course, that's his biggest problem. He always has *too* much to say.

He crosses one leg over the other, the porch creaking beneath his weight. His notebook sits comfortably against his thigh. Moonlight hits the words he just carved from his soul. They're pretty. Sophisticated. Purposeful. They represent the side of Jean he's scared to let others see. That's what he likes about them.

When Jean was younger, his insecurities clung to his poetry like a parasite. He hid his vulnerabilities for so long, even from himself, that exposing them in written form was uncomfortable at best, nauseating at worst. But the desire to put his thoughts to paper never escaped him. The more he practiced, the easier it became to disassociate the Jean who inhabits his body and the Jean who inhabits his notebooks. Without that ability, this notebook (and the dozens in the chest under his bed) would be empty. This is the only space he's able to confront his feelings.

No way in hell can he do that in real life.

Chatter rings nearby. When it grows nearer, Jean slams his notebook shut and shoves it in the gap under the porch, along with his pen. He does his best to look natural, though there's no proper explanation for why he'd be sitting out here this late at night. Best case scenario, whoever's chatting won't even come here. Or they'll walk right past Jean without acknowledging him. It won't be the first time.

As it turns out, life isn't fair. His intruder step outs onto the back porch and freezes when he spots him.

"Oh. Hi Jean."

It's Eren, because of course it is. Armin and Mikasa are with him, but their presence is a minor nuisance compared to the disaster that Eren Jaeger creates.

Jean's face turns hot. He prays the nightfall saves his impending blush from being exposed. Though that doesn't help the closing of his throat. Of all people to find him here, why did it have to be Eren?

His heart stutters. That damn notebook taunts him from underneath the steps. There's nothing that ties Eren directly to those poems, nor is there anything that outs Jean as the writer. At least, Jean doesn't think so. There are a lot of poems in there, plus the ones under his bed. He can't remember them all.

"What are you doing out here?" Eren asks.

The heat in Jean's face intensifies. This is his worst nightmare. If Eren knew the answer to that question, the world would be in disarray.

Eren and Jean have never gotten along. Whenever they're in the same room, there's an eighty percent chance of a fight breaking out. And maybe Jean is responsible for starting the majority of those fights. But nobody else calls Eren out on his bullshit. If Jean doesn't do it, Eren will become insufferable. His stupid head is big enough as is.

And yet, as frustrating as he is, Jean can't help but be drawn to Eren.

It started as innocent attraction. Eren is quite cute when his mouth isn't moving. But Jean's little crush developed into something far out of his control. And now, well, Jean has an entire suitcase full of notebooks containing poems he wrote about this moron standing in front of him.

It's not his fault. He's tried to write about other subjects. But nothing inspires him the way Eren does. Eren's movements, his impulsivity, his smile, his eyes, that little way he scrunches his nose when Jean pisses him off, Jean has so much material to work with. Somewhere down the line, his rival has become his favorite muse.

It's pathetic. Jean would rather cut his hands off and never write again than let anyone know about his interest in poetry. *Especially* Eren.

He scoffs. "None of your damn business, Jaeger."

Eren frowns. "Okay," he says softly. "Sorry I asked."

Jean feels like he's been kicked in the stomach. When he takes a jab at Eren, he can usually count on Eren to throw that same attitude right back at him. But sometimes Eren just... doesn't. And Jean mentally kicks himself for ruining his chances with Eren even more. Not that he has a chance, anyway.

Mikasa tugs on Eren's sleeve. "Let's go back inside."

"Yeah," Armin says. "It's cold out here."

The three of them head back in the direction they came, and Jean's all alone. Again. All thanks to his own doing.

He had to push Eren away, though. Inviting Eren into his world of poetry would be like inviting Eren to cut his body open and rob Jean for all that he's worth. This is one secret he has to take to the grave.

Eren can never find out. Nobody can.



The next few weeks pass on as normal. Jean completes his training exercises, pays attention in class, and even finds time to pick on Eren a little bit. Nothing too mean, but enough to elicit a snarky response.

If Jean's mom were here, she'd tell him to leave poor Eren alone. But she doesn't get it. Arguing with Eren is all he knows how to do. Through trial and error, Jean's come to the conclusion that Eren is most receptive to Jean when being antagonized. Jean doesn't make the rules, he just follows them.

Today is a new day, which means Jean's ready to get under Eren's skin all over again. If he can't have Eren's love, he may as well have his attention.

On his way to breakfast, laughter carries from the mess hall out into the hallway. Jean tilts his head in confusion. It's not unusual for Connie and Sasha to be this animated in the morning, but he definitely hears more than two voices.

Weird.

He enters the mess hall, ready to find out what's going on, but he only makes it two steps before being ambushed.

"Jean!" Connie waves him over. "Get over here!"

A bunch of them crowd around each other at one of the far tables. Sasha's there, of course, but so are Marco, Armin, and Mikasa.

Oh, and Eren.

The first thing he notices is Eren's smile. It's small, probably too small for anyone else to notice, but his enthusiasm spreads to his eyes. They sparkle a wondrous green, a sight so beautiful that it's truly unfair.

It stops Jean in his tracks. Nearly knocks the wind out of him. He can count on one hand the number of times he's seen Eren smile, yet even then Eren's never worn one this soft.

What Jean would give to be on the receiving end of that.

He forces himself to keep walking. The only way he can is by ignoring Eren completely. He focuses on Connie instead, which is easy since he's the only one looking his way.

"Why's everyone so excited?"

Connie beams. "Look."

He slides away from Sasha to create space. Jean slips between the gap, confusion flooding through him when he realizes they're flipping through some tattered notebook. Doesn't seem too riveting.

But then Jean moves closer. He scans the page.

Then his heart drops.

The passage. The handwriting. Nausea sneaks up on him as he processes what he's staring at.

*No sword ravages me how you do
And no battle ignites the fire you burn within me
Even if their spear is deep within my flesh
Nothing can disarm me the way your eyes do*

That's Jean's notebook. These are his poems. His deepest vulnerabilities on full display for everyone to see.

This isn't happening. Surely the universe can't hate him this much.

The other cadets. His friends. His *crush*, the subject of every damn poem in that book. They're all reading Jean's thoughts like it's the morning newspaper.

"Where did you get that?" he asks, sounding a lot more accusatory than he means.

"We found it out in the field," Sasha says.

Now Jean remembers. He chose to work on his poetry in the field since the back porch was clearly no longer a safe place. He found comfort under a large oak tree. It was cozy enough to take a nap under, so he did. Then he woke to Shadis yelling in his ear that he was late to their next training exercise, so Jean darted out of there without thinking twice.

Without grabbing his notebook.

Damn it. The universe *does* hate him.

The others keep flipping through the pages. *His* pages. They're salivating at the words etched into them. They're exploiting Jean's passion for their own amusement.

They think it's funny. To them, Jean Kirstein is just one big joke. Doesn't matter that they don't know he's the writer. Shame doesn't allow exceptions. And right now, it lies heavily in his bones.

He wants this to end, for his sake as well as his pride. But these people seem so invested. It won't be easy getting them to drop the subject.

He needs to approach this the right way. To counter their fascination, Jean will hit them with the opposite. Not hate, but indifference.

“So that’s it?” he says. “You’re all freaking out because of some stupid poetry?”

“It’s not stupid,” Eren pipes up. “It’s incredible.”

Jean freezes. He blinks twice as if he hears incorrectly. But the appreciation on Eren’s face tells him everything he needs to know.

Eren fixates back on the notebook. “I’ve never read anything like this,” he says. “It...I don’t know how to explain it. But I think it’s really amazing.”

With that, Jean’s speechless.

Eren Jaeger just praised his poetry. Jean’s words have touched him. Even if he despises everything else about Jean, there’s still a small part of Jean that’s earned his respect.

“We should find whose it is and give it back to them,” Armin says.

Connie shakes his head. “There’s no name. I already asked all the other cadets. No one claimed it.”

Marco frowns. “Weird. Maybe it’s from a different class. This thing could be years old.”

“Maybe,” Mikasa replies.

Jean doesn’t feel like listening to this pointless speculation. This has been enough torture for one morning. At least no one suspects these poems are his. Yet.

He walks away, not bothering to look over his shoulder when Marco calls out for him.

“Where are you going?”

“I want to enjoy my food,” Jean replies. “I can’t do that when you’re all fawning over some mysterious poetry book.”



Training with Shadis offers some distraction, but the dread over Jean’s poetry being read by the entire 104 class doesn’t go away. Mostly because these idiots won’t stop going through his notebook. Every bit of free time they get, Jean catches somebody flipping through those pages. It pisses him off. No amateur poetry can be that interesting.

That night, the notebook winds up in the room that he shares with six others: Connie, Reiner, Bertholdt, Armin, Marco, and Eren. Always Eren.

It’s his own personal hell. He won’t even be able to get a good night’s sleep because all six of his bunkmates are obsessed with those damn poems.

When he enters the room, they’re all reading it together on the floor in front of his bed. Jean flares his nostrils as he stands over them.

“You’re still going through that?”

Connie shrugs. “This notebook is basically full. There are a lot of poems.”

“I wish we knew who wrote these,” Armin says. “Just so we could give it back to them.”

Jean clenches his teeth. He desperately wants, no, *needs* that notebook back, but he can’t just come clean. That will ruin everything. Besides, no one will believe him anyway.

“Maybe a ghost wrote them,” Eren suggests.

Jean wants to punch himself for falling for someone so stupid.

Reiner snorts. “Maybe it was Shadis.”

“He doesn’t seem the type,” Bertholdt replies.

“But that’s what makes it so brilliant. It’s always the person you least expect.”

“This is a waste of time,” Jean cuts in. If they follow Reiner’s thought process, they’ll figure out his secret in no time. “It’s just poetry. Nothing special.”

“Just because you’re too dumb to understand it,” Eren snaps at him, “doesn’t mean it’s not special.”

Jean’s lips part open. He wants to close them, but his anxious body can’t keep up with his scattered brain. Eren needs to stop surprising him like this. Two compliments in one day, both about the work Jean crafted with his own hands. Something he poured straight from his heart.

For a split second, Eren’s expression softens. He eyes Jean up and down, hesitation washing over his features. Or is it regret? Jean can’t tell. And he’s not in the mood to find out.

Jean ignores the blood rushing to his face. Under no circumstance will he succumb to his own embarrassment.

Connie sports a menacing grin. “Jean’s just jealous that the attention isn’t on him for once.”

Jean can’t roll his eyes any harder. Leave it to Connie to surpass his own idiocy. But he’s thankful for the excuse to not look at Eren anymore.

Marco laughs softly, then turns to the next page. When he reads the next poem, his face goes white.

“Woah.” He points at the passage. “Look at this.”

They follow his finger and read along. Jean shouldn’t, but he leans down to read it too.

When he does, he has to force down a scream.

*Maybe one day you’ll notice me
And maybe I won’t be a coward*

*I'll gaze into your eyes
So green, so glorious
And confess my love
On top of my sins
And request that I call you
My Eren*

"My Eren?" Connie repeats.

Oh no.

No no no.

Jean completely forgot about that one. Rarely does he call Eren out by name in his art. Maybe two or three times out of the four hundred plus poems Jean's written about him over the years. Why did he have to do it in this notebook?

He'll take being eaten by a titan over this. Death is the kindest option right now.

All eyes shift to Eren who sits there, stunned. A rosy hue dusts over his cheeks, then across his nose. He sucks in his bottom lip and sinks into himself.

"It's probably a coincidence."

"How many Erens do you know?" Reiner says.

"I'm sure there are plenty," he counters, his voice cracking. "It's a great name."

Reiner relaxes into a smile. "No way. This is big."

Armin reads through the poem again, then looks back at Eren. "Eren, this is definitely about you."

He flips back through the pages they've already read, his finger tracing over every passage. Jean watches the puzzle pieces connect in his brain. It's a sinking ship. With Armin around, Jean won't stay afloat for much longer.

"I think they're all about you," Armin says to Eren.

Eren doesn't answer. He stares at the notebook in silence, a small pout tugging at his lips.

Bertholdt reaches over them and points. "Yeah, look. Green eyes, dark hair, it all fits."

Jean should walk away. Standing here while they pick apart his feelings for Eren does him no favors.

"Damn." Reiner ruffles Eren's hair. "So Eren's got a secret admirer."

Eren still doesn't glance up. "Looks like it," he mutters.

“I think that’s kind of sweet,” Marco says.

“Or creepy,” Connie replies.

Reiner jabs his finger into the notebook. “Now I really want to know who wrote these. If they’re going to be this obsessed with you, the least they can do is—”

Jean snatches the notebook away, nearly taking Marco’s arm off with it.

“Jean!” Marco gasps.

Jean rips apart the notebook without a second thought. Shredded pages cascade to the floor, months of hard work diminished to ashes. But he doesn’t care. If he doesn’t unleash the rage propelling through him, he’ll go insane.

“What are you doing?” Connie says.

Jean chucks what’s left of his notebook to the floor. “You people need to find something better to do! Who cares who wrote those stupid poems? If they’re not going to reveal themselves, it’s probably for a good reason!”

He storms away, not even caring that his tantrum makes him look indisputably guilty. It doesn’t matter. The damage is long done.

And worse, people will soon figure out his crush on Eren.

On any other day, this misery bubbling in his stomach would provide great inspiration for a writing session. But after this torment, the last thing Jean wants to do is write another poem. Poetry is no longer his safe space. It’s been invaded without his permission and he doesn’t have the strength to patch up the walls.

So this is it. It was a fun hobby while it lasted, but this is for the best.

And hey, maybe if he puts his pen down for good, he can finally move on from this pointless crush.



Jean escapes to the first place that comes to mind. If he gave it more thought, he would’ve ended up somewhere he’d be less likely to be detected. But his head is pounding too hard to conjure a rational idea. So, the back porch it is.

He sits on the main step, memories flooding back to him. All the nights he spent out here in the moonlight transferring his emotions to paper. All the nights he wasted on idealistic fantasies and unattainable dreams. All the nights he wished he could’ve been born as someone else, someone worthy of Eren’s affection.

This night, he does nothing. Feels nothing. He just stares at the moon and waits for the noise coming from inside to quiet down.

He doesn't wait for long. Not because he hears silence, but because he hears footsteps. Light footsteps. Tentative. They stop at Jean's side, worn out shoes coming into his peripheral view. Jean recognizes them immediately.

"Hi," Eren says.

This is the worst day of Jean's life. Every time he thinks it can't get any worse, he's proven wrong. Eren must have balls of steel to even consider approaching Jean right now.

Jean averts his gaze. "What do you want?"

Eren hesitates before answering, "You seemed upset."

"What gave you that idea?"

Eren sits beside him, a deliberately large gap between their thighs. He stretches his legs into the grass and tilts his chin toward the sky. Moonlight hits his profile and highlights the sharp angles hidden within his otherwise boyish features. Eren's beauty is something out of a painting, a priceless work of art that Jean's scared to go near.

Normally, he'd bless the stars above for giving him the chance to admire Eren up close. But now, this is the last place he wants to be. It hurts too much.

"Go away," he says. "Shouldn't you be trying to figure out who your secret admirer is?"

Eren gives a weak shrug. "I don't know. You said it yourself. If they're staying secret, there's probably a reason."

His voice is so delicate, like he's scared he's one wrong comment away from sending Jean over the edge. Great. It wasn't humiliating enough to have his feelings unreciprocated, now Jean has to deal with his crush being afraid of him. Or feeling pity toward him. He doesn't even know which is worse.

He runs a frustrated hands through his hair. "This is so stupid. All this drama because of some dumb poems."

"I don't think they're dumb," Eren says.

"Of course you don't. They're about you. Your ego's going to be even bigger than before."

"Look who's talking."

Jean doesn't counter. He's not in the mood to argue, no matter how adorable Eren is when he gets worked up. All he wants is to be left alone.

And yet, he can't get the words out. His desire for Eren to get lost clings to his tongue. So he opts for the next best thing: sit in silence until Eren takes the hint.

He doesn't.

“I told everyone to let it go,” Eren says.

Jean turns to him, tension evaporating from his face. Eren’s eyes are timid as their attention shifts from Jean to the gap between their bodies.

“We were wrong to read it in the first place,” he continues. “We invaded someone’s privacy and we shouldn’t have. That person would probably feel embarrassed that we read their private thoughts out loud.”

Jean hates that this comforts him. Acknowledging boundaries were crossed is the bare minimum. But Jean’s glad that if anyone had to stand for what’s right, Eren was the one to do it.

But still, it doesn’t change what happened.

“Okay,” Jean mumbles. “Why are you telling me this?”

Eren meets his gaze again. “I think you know why.”

And there it is. Jean knew it would lead to this point, but it was fun living in denial for just a little bit. But now it’s confirmed. His biggest secret, the one he held close to his chest for three years, has been cut wide open by the one person who was never meant to find out.

“Jean,” Eren says gently, “were those your poems?”

Jean wants to deny it, but sees no point. They’ll both know it’s a lie.

He tucks his chin into his chest. “No one was supposed to see them. Especially you.”

More silence. Jean would prefer an outright rejection. Silence feeds into his delusions. As long as Eren doesn’t reject him, Jean can hold onto false hope that there’s a happy ending in store for him. But that hope has been slowly killing him for the last three years. It’s time to let go.

Finally, Eren says, “I’m sorry.”

Jean sighs. “Can’t take it back now.”

“I know, but I wish I could. But since I can’t...”

Eren’s fists tighten in his lap. His eyebrows knit together, making his forehead frown. Jean shouldn’t find wrinkles cute, especially on a fifteen-year-old boy, but Eren pulls it off. It make him look younger, strange as that sounds.

“I meant it when I said your poetry was good,” Eren tells him. “You’re really talented.”

The tips of Jean’s ears turn pink. He grabs the back of his neck, his skin uncomfortably hot. “Thanks, I guess.”

Eren scoots closer. Jean flinches in surprise but otherwise stays put.

“I’m sorry your notebook got ripped up,” Eren says.

Jean shrugs. “It’s fine. That wasn’t even my best stuff. I’ve got like six other notebooks with way better poems.”

“Still. There had to be at least fifty poems in there.”

“Seventy-four,” Jean corrects him.

Disbelief overpowers Eren’s face. “Why are you not more upset then? That must’ve taken you months to fill out.”

“Yeah, but it doesn’t matter. I’m done with the poetry thing.”

“No,” Eren panics.

Eren places his hand over Jean’s. Jean has to refrain from wheezing. His skin heats up even more. It doesn’t help that Eren’s hand is unnaturally warm as well.

The contact only lasts half a second, because that’s when Eren’s eyes go wide. He retracts his hand like he just touched fire. His mouth twitches into a smile, but it’s too tense to be genuine.

“I mean,” he says, “you can’t just quit. You’re way too good.”

Jean swallows hard. He’s not used to being praised by Eren, even if it feels like that’s all he’s gotten from him today. His stomach does a front flip. Jean’s never felt more out of his element. It’s uncomfortable, but he doesn’t exactly hate it.

“A-and you’re not a quitter,” Eren adds. “So you shouldn’t become one now.”

He can’t believe his ears. Eren Jaeger is actively encouraging him to continue his passion. He believes in Jean’s talent. No, he believes in Jean, enough to drop his signature angry persona and push Jean to keep going.

It seems, in a way, Eren’s inspired by Jean’s work. And not just because the poems are about him. He was a fan of Jean’s before he figured out the artist or the muse.

And hell, if Jean’s poems inspire the person who inspired them in the first place, it makes no sense to stop now.

“Okay,” Jean mumbles. “I’ll keep writing.”

Eren’s smile morphs into a proper one, one so sweet that Jean’s insides turn to mush. “Good.”

“Good,” Jean replies, because he’s an idiot who sucks at talking normally with his crush.

Eren clears his throat and moves closer. He squeaks out a small apology when his leg accidentally brushes against Jean’s. Jean tells him it’s fine even though the brief contact has his entire body trembling.

“So...” Eren says, “you said you had other notebooks?”

Jean nods. “Yeah. They’re all in that chest under my bed.”

“I’d like to read them sometime.” When he observes Jean’s reaction he blurts out, “With your permission, of course.”

Jean may actually go into cardiac arrest. He pictures the two of them, alone just like they are now, huddling together while Eren reads through Jean’s poetry. That little smile he saw Eren wear this morning, Jean can have a front row seat to that. It’s an exhilarating yet terrifying thought.

Jean cowers into himself. “They’re mostly about you.”

“That’s okay,” Eren says weakly. “As long as they’re, um...”

He fidgets with his hands like he doesn’t know where to put them. He pauses, takes a deep breath, then finishes his thought.

“Not about someone else.”

And like that, Jean’s world hits pause. He must be dreaming. There’s no way Eren just said that. This was meant to be the worst day of his life. So why is his heart so damn happy right now?

“No one else,” Jean forces himself to say. “Just you.”

Eren smiles at him again. Jean doubts he’ll ever get used to that glorious sight. He won’t care as long as Eren continues sending them his way.

Eren’s gaze shifts between Jean’s eyes and his lips.

Eyes. Lips. Eyes. Lips.

He scrunches his nose like he’s nervous. He probably is. Jean certainly is. But Eren’s never been one to back down from a challenge, so Jean isn’t totally surprised when he brings his head closer.

He pauses right in front of Jean’s mouth. Gives Jean one last glance, his eyes searching for confirmation that it’s okay. Jean’s too frazzled to do much of anything, but he musters enough strength to give a slight nod.

Then, Eren kisses him.

Jean’s imagined how his first kiss would go. Whether it’d be romantic or sleazy. Awkward or comfortable. Perfect or regrettable.

The one thing that never crossed his mind, however, was the possibility of experiencing it with Eren Jaeger.

Jean's heartbeat slows to a dangerous rate. Eren steals a breath straight from his mouth, the soft pressing of his lips the most lethal of poisons. But it feels good. Really good. Jean's gone fifteen years without experiencing this magic and he already can't fathom going another day without it.

The kiss is short, three seconds at most. Probably for the best as Jean is moments away from passing out on this porch. He's had enough excitement for one day. But damn, he can't think of a better note to end it on.

When they part, Eren's blush spreads all the way to his neck. He leans away from Jean, a precious innocence overtaking him.

"Sorry," he whispers.

"I-it's fine," Jean replies.

They both fixate on the moon hanging over their heads. The tension between them lingers, but the serenity of the night sky makes it a lot less nerve-wracking.

"Are you going to write a poem about that?" Eren asks. He doesn't have to specify what he's talking about.

Jean fights back a smile. He still doesn't look Eren's way, but he answers with a firm "Absolutely."



The next morning, Jean and his roommates change into their cadet uniforms. Sitting on the edge of his bed, he pulls over his boots. As he's about to slip his feet inside, he finds a folded sheet of paper tucked into the left one.

He subtly pulls it out and turns away from the group. When he reads it, he forces himself not to smile like an idiot.

*Roses are red
Violets are blue
I suck at poetry
But I think you're cute
1/74*

Four lines. So simple. Prose on course with a five-year-old's education. But Jean feels like he's holding the entire universe in his hands.

He meets Eren's gaze from across the room. Eren shoots him a cheeky wink and then Jean smiles like an idiot anyway.

One out of seventy-four. Seventy-four, just like the number of poems lost in Jean's now torn up notebook. Eren must be planning to make it up to him in his own Eren-like way. Jean never asked him to, but he's not complaining. He won't mind getting more of these little surprises from Eren. Especially if they exchange more kisses between surprises.

Seventy-three to go. That's a lot of poems. Maybe Eren will improve a lot by then. Maybe he won't. Highly likely that he won't.

But Jean will smile every time he opens one. Not because of the message, but because of the messenger.

Jean tucks it into his jacket pocket and resumes getting dressed. The note stays close to his chest, right where it belongs.

And that's where it'll always stay. As endearing as Eren's attempt at poetry is, Jean's not sharing this gift with anyone. This is for his eyes only.

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